

**\$100 Reward \$100**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Our Tobacco**

In America up to the time of the Revolution, nearly all the tobacco was grown in Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. New England began the commercial growing of tobacco about 1660, but, finding the industry unprofitable, it languished, and was finally discontinued. Early in the nineteenth century tobacco planting became the chief pursuit in Kentucky and Tennessee, and continued to be the main crop in Virginia and Maryland. Connecticut took up the culture of the plant about 1838, and eastern Pennsylvania, central New York, the Miami valley of the Ohio and southern Wisconsin followed.—Washington Star.

**Pure Bred Sires**

As announced early in the season, the Dominion Live Stock branch has this year undertaken a distribution of pure bred male animals throughout Canada on a somewhat extensive scale. Inaugurating this policy the aim has been to aid sections where pure bred sires were lacking and to encourage new communities in following an intelligent system in breeding. This form of assistance has proven very popular and during the past few months a large number of bulls and several stallions have been placed in various parts of the country in the hands of local associations formed especially for the purpose of handling and maintaining them. All animals placed remain the property of the Department of Agriculture, the local associations assuming the responsibility for their maintenance and management under the general supervision of officers of the Live Stock branch.

The distribution of bulls and stallions having been brought to a close for this year the opportunity is now open to deal with applications for boars and rams. Full information regarding the rules governing the distribution and the procedure to be followed in forming the necessary organization may be had upon application to the Live Stock Commissioner, Ottawa.

As it is the intention to consider only such requests as are forwarded before October 20th, it will be necessary for districts desiring to take advantage of this offer to act promptly.

**Hyomei**

**The Breathable Remedy for Catarrh**

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

**Tragedy of The South Seas.**

HENRY CHURCHWARDEN, IN N. Y. SUN.

Whatever else might be said of Pierre Guillot, he was a man. His career was as crooked as the Bass Straight Cannel, but he was a man. He stole, but he did it in a manly way. There was blood on Pierre Guillot's hands but he killed his men in fair fight; it was never said of him that he slipped a blade between the ribs of a white man of Kanaka when his victim was unprepared.

Men still tell of how he fought old Tom Dyer on the beach at Tahiti with a patch over one eye because Tom was blind on one side.

So when he took to stealing pearls down at Vanua-Levu he did it in an open, brazen manner. Karl Steinschneider, Charley Terhune and myself had a concession on Vanua-Levu at the time, and Guillot was infringing on our rights.

We warned him off, but he wouldn't listen. He told us to come and fight for our pearls if we wanted them, but that wasn't in our programme. It wasn't that we really feared to fight, for a man faced death a dozen times a fortnight in the old South Sea days. But we knew that even east of Suez murder was murder, and if we killed Guillot we stood excellent chances of rotting in a vermin-infested jail for at least a year or two.

We appealed to law and the law was for us. Guillot was taken to Sydney Harbor and we appeared against him. He was sent away for a term of years, and he swore a great oath that from the day he was liberated he would hound us to our graves.

We knew he meant it too, but we calculated that by the time he left prison his fighting spirit would be broken, and we didn't expect very much trouble from him. I was in Swatow when I heard of Guillot's release, and I hadn't seen Steinschneider or Terhune for two years.

The first chapter of what followed I heard from time to time while I was in different ports, for my own personal experiences are reserved for the last.

It seems that Steinschneider was in Hongkong when he heard that the pearl stealers' term had expired, and so great a respect did he have for the man's cunning and prowess that he went armed from the instant he read the announcement in one of the English papers.

About three months later he was going to his vessel from a cafe in Hongkong when he ran into a crowd of coolies near the corner of a dark side street. Steinschneider had been drinking and was in no mood to be delayed. He waded into the coolies, elbowing right and left and cuffing one or two of them across the ears. It never occurred to him that the men were anything but a gang of laborers quarreling over a yen or two in a gambling game.

As the men apparently quarrelled among themselves, before he realized it they formed in a complete mass about him and jostled him into the desert byway.

He had a fist like the round knob of an anchor and let it drive in earnest at one of the yellow men nearest him. The fellow dropped cold, and before his body had much more than struck the pavement the white man struck another collier under the chin and drove him backward against his companions. He might have fought himself free, but in the very moment that his arm was drawn back to strike again the voice of a white man calling to him:

'Pierre Guillot is waiting for you, Karl Steinschneider.'

It was just such a dramatic setting as the Frenchman loved. At the sound the coolies broke away, dragging the bodies of their two companions with them, and massed at the entrance to the alley to shut off Karl's escape had he cared to run. But Steinschneider had no thought of fleeing. He knew that some day he would have to kill Guillot or be killed himself.

Guillot was striding towards him in the semi-darkness.

'I'm not the man to stab an enemy in the dark,' said the ex-convict. 'Are you armed?'

In way of reply Steinschneider whipped a revolver from his pocket and fired. There was a stab of red in the darkness; just at the level of Guillot's lip.

The Frenchman had fired just a fraction of a second before his victim, and Steinschneider sank to his knees; then toppled forward on his face. The coolies broke and ran, and Guillot disappeared too. They carried Karl to a hospital when they found him, but he died within the hour after telling how he had been wounded.

After that the Frenchman was not heard of for almost a year. Charley Terhune was trading between the islands in a schooner called the Richard. He was anchored off Wellington waiting for a cargo, and he used to go ashore every evening to chat with the other skippers in the public house.

One night when they were sitting pretty late over a game of cards, a certain Capt. Stanley noticed that a waiter who had served them drinks was loitering about the room staring most of the time at Terhune. It disturbed the men at the cards and sent him packing to the tap room, saying that drinks would be called for when they were wanted.

The man took his rebuff quietly enough and left the room without so much as a glance at the men at the card table. He was a big fellow with face tanned almost to a Kanaka brown and he wore a heavy beard and mustache. The lobe of his left ear had evidently been shot away, but Terhune had never heard of Guillot's wound, and in the old days the Frenchman's face was smooth shaven, and despite his life in the sun his skin had always been sallow, almost pale.

Some time after midnight the proprietor of the place bade his guests good night and went off to bed, leaving the water to attend to their wants and close the place when they left. Still they played on and called frequently for drinks, until they were playing wildly, and some could scarcely count the marks on their cards. Terhune was the most sober of them all.

Suddenly those who sat opposite Terhune saw him straighten in his chair and start. His eyes bulged and he stared at the doorway. He reached towards his hip. Before any had time to stop him or those not directly facing him had even seen his action he whisked a revolver from his pocket. Almost before he had raised it above the table top there was a deafening crash in the room. Then Terhune's gun exploded, burying a bullet in a leg of the table. Without so much as a groan he sank forward over its top, his forehead resting on the arm which held his cards.

Every man in the room sprang to his feet and wheeled toward the door whence the first crash had come. Just for an instant they saw the face of the waiter who had been serving them drink.

There was a wild scramble for the man. Shots were fired, but they splintered the door which the waiter slammed shut. A sliding bolt clicked and all was quiet outside the room. Inside men battered at the door, while others rushed in vain to the

windows. The heavy solid shutters had been bolted on the outside. The door held until the proprietor rushed downstairs and unbolted it.

The waiter had disappeared and Pierre Guillot had fulfilled the second clause of his vow.

Terhune revived only for a few minutes, long enough to tell who had shot him and why.

It was some ten months after this that I was lying off Tahiti in the schooner Susan.

As it darkened I watched a heavy log apparently drifting between the vessel and the shore in a remarkable manner. I had been trying to figure out just how the eddies must be swirling there to make it go for a time seemingly against the tide, then curve back again, but working ever closer to the vessel. Long I studied it through the glasses but saw nothing to excite suspicion and put it down merely to the action of cross currents and eddies.

Sleep in the cabin was out of the question for me, but I believe I must have dozed sitting there on the quarterdeck. Suddenly I was roused by a slight scraping sound at the stern.

'The swinging of the dingy's painter,' I thought, and was on the verge of dozing again when I remembered that the dingy was not drifting there. Still it seemed a matter of no importance.

I sat looking aft, idly pondering in a half-conscious sort of way. A quiver ran through my frame. My muscles tensed, and I stared through the gloom, for there, over the rail, a hand appeared and a moment later a head was thrust above the level of the deck. The head turned from side to side as though the man was searching the deck to see if it was occupied.

Sitting in a shadow I remained absolutely motionless, scarcely breathing.

In another second half the man's body was above the rail and he was clambering stealthily onto the deck. I could not see his face and because of his position, I could tell nothing of the size or form of his body, but suddenly, as though his name had been called I knew who it was and my body was electrified with excitement.

As surely as there were staunch timbers beneath me I knew the man sneaking aboard my vessel was Pierre Guillot, and it flashed across my mind that he must have been swimming behind the log which had acted so strangely.

Guillot had come to kill me as he had killed Steinschneider and Terhune, and I would give him his chance. If I should fall in the conflict, why, that was all there would be to it, and if I triumphed the world would be rid of a murderer and my friends would be avenged.

Unconsciously I had known always that this moment must some day arrive and now it had come I was glad I had no weapons. I wanted to fight as the animals fight, with nature's weapons alone. Such were the thoughts, the feelings, which chased each other through my brain as Guillot slipped on to the deck and peered about him.

'So you have come to claim the third life, Guillot,' I said suddenly.

Even the man of iron started.

'Throw away the gun,' I continued, 'or would you prefer that I should go below for a pistol before we settle. You have a name for a devilish sort of fairness and I am unarmed.'

It was one of the strange freaks of the man's nature that he took me at my word and tossed away his weapon. There was time for no more preliminaries.

He rushed at me. His feet were bare and I wore only felt slippers, so we made no noise. The forward watch did not hear us, and besides much of the time the house was between us and the men forward, who may have been sleeping.

In that first charge I tripped him, but before I was on his back he had leaped to his feet, and as I caught him him round the waist he struck me a glancing blow on the jaw. It staggered me, but I gained my hold and squeezed with every ounce of strength.

His ribs cracked and I could feel the organs compressing. He groaned very softly and sank his iron fingers into my neck. I had been foolish, for he could stand the strain on his abdomen longer than I could stand the throttling, so I loosed my hold and struck him with both fists in the pit of the stomach.

The fingers round my throat relaxed and he staggered for an instant. In that second I caught him under one thigh and an armpit and raised him high from the deck to toss him overboard. He struggled frantically, but I bore him to the rail. Just as I was to leave he caught me round the head with both arms, I missed my footing, and we

(Concluded on Page 7.)

**UNLUCKY DAYS**

Many families look upon some particular day every year with dread, for on this day they seem to be persistently dogged by bad luck. Others have an unlucky month; whilst for others leap year proves the harbinger of disaster.

Old-time soothsayers and prophets were firm in their belief in the unlucky day: Julius Caesar was told to beware the Ides of March (March 13th) and on this day he was brutally murdered by Brutus and other conspirators.

For Charles II. September 3rd was a day fraught with ill-omen. On this he lost the battle of Dunbar, and again that of Worcester; but, singularly enough, September 3rd was the date of the death of his enemy, Cromwell, after which day, it may be presumed, September 3rd no longer signaled the adverse workings of fate to the restored king.

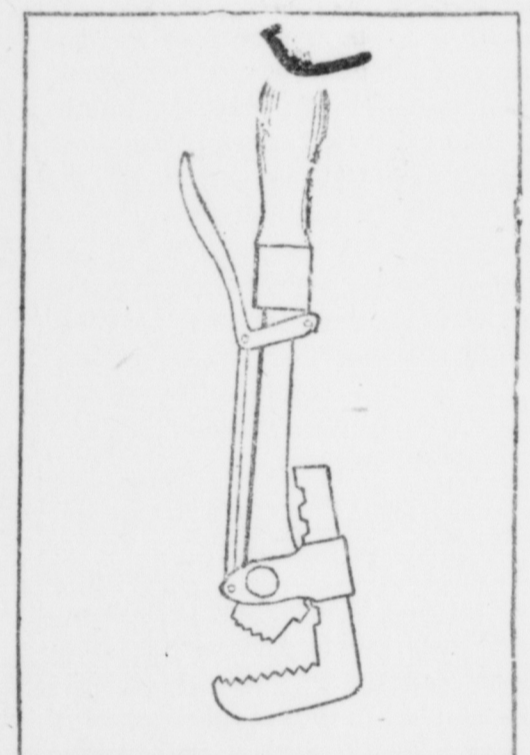
From the Middle Ages the month of May has been shunned by brides, as it is proverbially unlucky for weddings. Curiously enough, however, if a man or woman is born on the 13th of May it is believed in many districts that it is lucky rather than otherwise for him or her to embark upon matrimony in that month.

There are many remarkable instances on record of a certain date being fraught with ill-luck for the members of a family. In one typical case May 11th was the day of ill-omen. On that day the father of the family was drowned at sea. On the 11th, some years after, the eldest son was killed in the Boer War. When the 11th came round again great money losses were sustained. Another year it signaled the breaking out of an epidemic of fever in the family; and yet another year the bread-winner of the family fell downstairs, breaking his leg, thus being incapacitated from work for several weeks. Small wonder that the members of the family without exception breathe a sigh of relief each year as the fatal date is left behind.

**NEW KIND OF WRENCH**

Head Fits Over Serrations That Prevent Its Slipping

A wrench that is said to have unusual strength and gripping power is a new invention. A movable jaw is pivoted on the end. The jaw is L-shaped, with teeth along its short end and with recesses in the long end. The head of the wrench is also formed with teeth facing the short end of the jaw and with serrations along the back to register with



CANNOT WORK LOOSE.

the recesses in the long portion of the jaw. A rod leads down to the handle, and by means of this rod the jaw is tightened around the pipe or nut or whatever it is the wrench is used on. Once this grip is secured the locking means along the back prevent the jaw from working loose until it is freed by means of the connecting rod.

**COST OF LONG LIVING**

In Seventy Years a Man Consumes a Mountain of Food

Have you any idea of the amount of food you will have eaten if you attain the age of seventy-five—providing, of course, that you are of average height, weight, and appetite? Fifty-four tons of solid food, and fifty-three tons of liquid—about 1,300 times your own weight! That is the take-your-breath-away answer.

The tons of bread you have consumed would equal in size a small family hotel, and a ton and a quarter would be the equivalent weight of butter.

If you had been a lover of bacon and were to stretch it out in single slices, four miles would be the length. Five tons of fish, and 12,000 eggs stand to your credit, whilst a normal cheese eater easily consumes 400 pounds.

The vegetables you have consumed would fill a train three miles long, and to that train-load you could add 10,000 pounds of sugar, and 1,500 pounds of salt.

Some half-ton of tobacco has been consumed in pipes, and half a million cigarettes by the man who has been a smoker.

When a woman tells a reporter who seeks to interview her that she has nothing to say, it means that he will use up three pencils on the job.